

NON-CREATIVE GARBAGE

(aka no commercial potential)

#1

By Jacques du Bois and M.S.
COST- FREE! \$0 £0 €0 ¥0 C\$.0001

www.noncreativegarbage.org

Well, of course, this is just the sort of blinkered Philistine ignorance I've come to expect from you **non-creative garbage**. You sit there on your loathsome spotty behinds squeezing blackheads not caring a tinker's cuss for the struggling artist.

John Cleese and Graham Chapman "Monty Python's Flying Circus"

Why? ¿Why Not?!

so seen here...at home looked you of rainstorm, of and driving your into was or in and and saddened. Souls you...when life you time all amazed much I all Yes, bitter a cars I've could in along stolen Walking you seen path I've the have made all saw I've hate all one to me I had of bicycle that was of and walk my of and another.

Haikus a la Kerouac

Life without sunsets
dismally trudging onward,
where is the beauty?

Visions of what was
once the most beautiful thing,
now sadness creeps in.

Excuses abound
when some people lack money,
falling like snowflakes.

Drop Forevermore
Pallas's bust on the Chamber Door,
get rid of the bird!

Quotations for Fun and Amusement

There's a hell of a better universe next door, let's go!

e.e. cummings

In the real dark night of the soul it is always three o'clock in the morning.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

Too much faith in anything will suck you dry. In this way, all the world is a vampire.

Poppy Z. Brite

Muss es sein? Es muss sein! Es muss sein! (Must it be? It must be! It must be!)

Ludwig Van Beethoven

"You're such a saintly person," Chan-Chan was asked, "Where will you go after death?"

"I go to Hell ahead of you all."

The questioner, stunned, said, "How can that be?"

"Without my first going to Hell, who would be waiting there to save people like you?"

Zen Mondo

Bring me a bowl of coffee before I turn into a goat!

Johann Sebastian Bach

I pay no attention whatever to anybody's praise or blame. I simply follow my own feelings.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Kill Poetry

kill poetry kill language kill art kill music kill yourself save yourself be yourself dont try to be creative be dead rot and stink and give up and lie and cheat and steal and seal your fate and resume your late dated great fate can you be sated as your kill yourself and art and creation how simple it is to destroy creation and kill but to give up and die is more difficult than living poetry breathing poetry and discovering poetry and its nuanced nothingness and being a killer of poetry would be so wonderful and more than being wonderful it would be a stream of consciousness that would suddenly awake before the death and the night of the soul longing becoming longer and languorously dead. Greyness and gloom is what has suddenly become the nadir of being, OK riot! be creative and contemplative and in your failing world view it's become new to be really really really killed so try and kill words that are printed in paper and on the mind and the soul that sound deeply within the bell towers of churches all over america and canada whence came the sound of drums and furious anger a fatal scored man who lived and killed and died between the sounds of a train and a bavarian brasserie on valley road and nearer fourth street than is an arcane archaic sport played in inns and quarters and halves only until we kill the system and the certain doom and deadly killing feeling to form my ideal of love and life killing it before it can consume me and resume me kill ideals kill reveals kill fun kill parties kill colonel kill bill kill politics kill love kill life kill beauty kill all of us and yourself mostly but kill kill killkillkillkillkillkillkill killkillkillkillkillkillkillkillkill kill
and thrill in your kill and your death and the remains of nothing surrounding you
time to do something and be strong kill poetry
kill poetry kill art kill self kill

This space is intentionally left blank. It could have your poem...your rant...your short story, a picture of an attractive nude male or female, an advertisement for a local band, but it won't since it'll have a message from Bob. Bob loves you and came to spread slack and fro to all who deserve it in the world. Join Bob and the Masters of the Universe, be part of the winning team and smite the Pink boys and their lackeys. Join today for only \$30 and get a guaranteed ride on a UFO! Praise Bob and pass the ammunition!

<http://www.subgenius.com>

*What is erotic?
A gentle poke in the eye,
Gauging the eye out.*

There are no guarantees, he says
his mouth shapes so many words, and I
hear so few
but I will not win; it is written
in the freezing stars
tonight, if only he knew to look by M.S.

There is something that connects us,
allows us to truly feel one another
it is stretched, taut, ready to
break or be broken

I always choose the break, when
a choice is available
I will always choose to be alone
rather than to be vulnerable by M.S.

eating an omelet
devouring the sweet eggs
stillness is reborn

Have you seen my dog named Gizmo? He is freshly neutered and lost. I love him dearly. Send him home to his mother.

Ecrasez l'infame! (Crush the infamy!)

Voltaire

E-mail james@sejdb.com Interweb <http://www.sejdb.com> and <http://www.noncreativegarbage.org>

This is the end of Non Creative Garbage New No.1
ask some Finns how to say Nokia. Donate money and sex to SEJDB!!!!